New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News, Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune, Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Ogden Reid, President, G. Vernon Rogers, Vice-President, Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary, R. E. Maxfield, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By mail, including Postage, IN THE UNITED STATES

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[illegible]

The Great Social Crime

Dr. Fritjof Nansen, who has spent many months in relief work in Russia and has seen face to face the great horror there, estimates that 15,000,000 Russians are doomed to die from starvation or its attendant diseases. In the districts affected he says nearly one-half are to perish.

The consequences of the famine, he holds, are in the main unescapable. The drowning man is beyond our reach. No matter what our will may be, he cannot be succored. This is because of conditions created before the harvest failed. The Bolshevist, carrying on their experiment, wrecked Russia's railroads and by seizures for the benefit of the cities, where lies Bolshevist strength, convinced the peasants they would not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their toil. So we cannot ship in, and Russia's own supplies have failed.

The world is but beginning to recognize the breadth and depth of the Russian tragedy. The calamity is one that the history of centuries may be ransacked in vain for an equal. Since the Black Death swept over Europe nothing comparable with it has occurred. And in one sense Bolshevism is worse than the Black Death. The one, because of the scientific ignorance which prevailed, was unavoidable. What Russia suffers was not only avoidable, but was largely artificially induced. Every downward step that has come since Lenine and his crew were allowed to gain power was foreseeable and foreseen. All intelligent persons were able to write the prospectus of the progressive woe.

In some circles the notion prevails that it is no matter of common concern what ideas men may entertain, or what policies they may pursue, or what institutions they may set up. This is a cold and cruel philosophy. There are abysses of social treason whose digging is of universal effect. Doctrines exist whose application injures every member of the human species. Russia's fetid odors are in every nostril, and will be for a long time.

And what are these unwritten laws which no man may transgress without becoming an enemy of the human race? One of them blazes on the sky. It is that revolution, using the word in its broad sense, is a consuming dragon. Though the revolution in mind may have a worthy object, its method is fatal. Nature demands gradual change—will tolerate no other kind. When her way is ignored Nature does not argue. She acts.

When small bits of territory were economically self-contained, when each community produced practically all it consumed, a revolution, as it was called, could take place in some distant place or city, and the population be not seriously disturbed. Life in the main went on its customary way. But with the modern division of labor and all men swappers of surpluses, a fundamental difference has come. The machinery now can't stop. It is a heart that must pulse on. Alteration must be gradual or, in an industrial sense, there is social death. Some day the men of the law doubtless will coin a name for the social crime and define its quality. But we can perceive its malignancy without any prohibitory statute.

New York, food experts tell us, would literally starve in three weeks if shut off from its back country. Yet in our parlors and classrooms the interdependence of life is largely ignored. There is blindness to the fact that exchanges must go on as they now do and that modification, if made, must be slow. Our half-thinkers have minds of the Middle Ages and loosely talk of revolution without regard to what it involves.

And Now Molière

After Shakespeare, Molière. It is now nearly two-thirds of a century since that accomplished though erratic woman, Delia Bacon, with the assistance of Nathaniel Hawthorne, developed into great literary and popular propaganda the theory, theretofore confined to an [illegible] that the plays of Shakespeare were [illegible] Francis Bacon. Now, on the occasion of the birth of Molière, there is an attempt at similar exploitation of the idea that he did not write the great social comedies which bear his name.

In each case the ignoring of human nature is an error which would be fatal even if there were nothing else to destroy the theory. If this charge against Molière were true we should have to believe that one or several of the greatest literary and dramatic geniuses of the world played the part of Sydney Carton and lived, wrote and died unrecognized and unknown to fame. This offends credulity. What man would write in cipher without the intention that some time his work would be deciphered? There is no conceivable motive which Bacon could have had for writing the plays and embodying in them an elaborate cipher or cryptogram which would not have required him, most imperatively, to take precautions for the disclosure of that cipher at some future time. To suggest that he would take the pains to construct so elaborate a cipher with the intention that it should never be read or discovered would be to write him down a fool.

However, after sixty-odd years of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, it is perhaps time for some new "big gooseberry" for the perennial silly season, and perhaps it is as well that the master comedian of society should be its theme. We can imagine the glee with which, in the Elysian Fields, the shade of the creator of Tartuffe and George Dandin regards this quest for the "Great Unknown" whose laurels he wears.

Flaws in St. Lawrence Plan.

Frank M. Williams, New York's State Engineer and Surveyor, has marshaled a number of reasons against American participation in the construction of a St. Lawrence ship canal. Physical conditions along the St. Lawrence route, he says, are highly unfavorable. Below St. Regis the river runs north of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude. The winters are long and severe and the lower St. Lawrence is practically closed for six months each year. At the mouth of the river is a zone of heavy fogs. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is known as "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." Insurance rates for St. Lawrence traffic are higher than those for ordinary Atlantic Coast traffic, and no insurance can be had on vessels using the river later than November.

The appeal which the St. Lawrence project makes to the lake region is largely psychological. There is a thrill in the idea that the lake ports are to be converted into ocean terminals and the present lake steamers to be replaced by ocean carriers. The former are an economical type, however, readily loaded and unloaded, carrying much smaller crews for the same tonnage and paying only a third of the insurance premiums which ocean steamers pay. A type suited to canal use would have greater draught and much less speed than the lake steamer, and its cost of operation over the 2,200 miles between Duluth and the sea would be far greater than the cost of operating the present lake craft and the Erie Canal's barges to tidewater at New York.

Mr. Williams says that the cost estimate contained in the International Joint Commission's report—$252,000,000—is much too low. He believes that if all the 4,000,000 horsepower which the canal advocates claim will be generated as an incident of the canal's construction is actually developed the cost will be $1,300,000,000, not including property damages.

The 1,000,000 horsepower which is to go to the United States, Mr. Williams also points out, belongs at present to the State of New York. This state would have to pay 28 per cent of the Federal outlay on the canal. At the same time power rights now ours would be taken away from us and turned over to a joint American-Canadian enterprise.

But it is not solely because New York's interests are thus sacrificed that New Yorkers oppose the St. Lawrence project. They believe that the northern ship canal would be a poor national investment. The best and cheapest route from the Middle West to tidewater is now, as it has been for generations, that via the lakes and the Hudson River.

The Freedom of the Knees

In commenting on the present-day dress of women Dr. Elizabeth Thelberg, physician at Vassar College, said recently:

> "I hope that the old wasp-waisted high corset never comes back. To-day backache is almost unknown among women. It is my observation, after thirty-four years as Vassar physician, that the women and girls of to-day are very much healthier than those of twenty years ago. I know of nothing prettier than the calf of a young woman. I am greatly concerned about the freedom of the knees."

Inasmuch as women will dress in the prevailing style, no matter what editors or preachers may say to them, it is a waste of effort to criticize their present manner of dress. Furthermore it is folly to do so. Women who wear short skirts, loose corsets, or none at all, and no confining clothing are healthier, happier and more beautiful than the women whose pictures you see in the pages of "Godey's Lady's Book."

Moreover, clothes have little relation to or effect on morality. If a knee-length skirt is modest on a bathing beach, which it is admitted to be, it is just as modest on the street.

It is an excellent thing for the women of this generation and for the children of the coming generation that style happens to conform with common sense and the laws of hygiene. It may be that styles will change and return to the old sweeping petticoats and iron-clad corsets. However, now that women have discovered that they can be comfortable without feeling immodest they are likely to resist the return of the old styles. If they could learn also that high heels affect the spine and increase the tendency to bowlegs or knock-knees their dress would soon approximate perfection.

"Judges in Berlin"?

It begins to look as though we should have to reconsider the old-time saying about there being "judges in Berlin," at least so far as it is supposed to be a general assurance of justice in German courts. Certainly the exhibition of juridical administration which has been made since the war, at Berlin, at Leipsic and elsewhere is calculated to inspire neither confidence nor respect.

That any German courts would administer justice to any important criminals of the war was too much to be expected, save by those who daily live in titillating anticipation of seeing the leopard changing his spots. Forced under the Treaty of Versailles to go through the motions of trying them, the court made a practical application of the principle of the fishnet which caught in its meshes only the little ones and let the big ones go through.

That was the first step. The second in the judges' progress was to impose severe sentences upon all who were found guilty of the slightest disloyalty to Germany. For playing ducks and drakes with international law, with the international rules of war and with the dictates of humanity there was no penalty. But for any act or word that could be construed as savoring of treason to Germany the heaviest of punishments was fitting.

Well, let us for the sake of argument attribute that to excessive patriotic ardor. Not so can the third step be dismissed. When a man grossly insulted and libeled the President of the Reich, he was let off with a light fine. But when he published something which might be interpreted as reflecting upon a few members of the old military ring, he was much more heavily punished. The court did not venture to challenge the truth of the hideous reports of the lecherous and obscene orgies of the then Crown Prince and many of his fellow officers. But it could not endure the thought that thus aspersions were cast upon the old military gang as a whole, and so it decreed a far more severe penalty than that imposed for a mere outrage upon the President.

It is a poor showing for "judges in Berlin." It indicates that not only is there no hope of justice in a case brought against a German by non-Germans, but also that there is gross discrimination in favor of military rather than civil dignitaries. The spiked helmet rather than the Liberty cap is still the crest of the German "republic."

Synthetic Air

Climate as a maker of history has long been a familiar idea. Now we have the new notion of man as a maker of climate.

At the United States Bureau of Mines in Pittsburgh the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers has established a laboratory where, in carefully regulated air chambers, the effects of varying combinations of atmospheric factors—heat, moisture, motion, electricity, etc.—are being tried out on human subjects. The director is Professor F. Paul Anderson, of the University of Kentucky, and cooperating with him are physicians of the United States Public Health Service. At the same time Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale, is making experiments in factories to determine the relation of the character of the air to health and to output. This latter undertaking is an outgrowth of certain experiments made for the benefit of silk. It was found that air that was a good sort for keeping silk fibers from sticking together was also a good sort for keeping the silk workers lively; and this accidental discovery led the National Research Council to enlist the services of Professor Huntington—noted for his studies of the effects of climate upon ancient and modern man—in working out the formula for an ideal factory air.

Factory workers may have to put up with whatever fine, bracing air is served to them; school children, too, are at the mercy of the hygienists; but will the general run of us ever acquire a taste for an indoor air that is good to breathe? We talk much about fresh air, and we like it well enough "in its place," but how much of it in winter do we allow to enter our stores, our offices, our restaurants, our public libraries—our homes? At the health exhibit held last fall at the Grand Central Palace more than one person fainted as a result of overheating and inadequate ventilation—an appropriate but certainly an unintended object lesson in sanitation.

Still, there is no telling. The mountain air may yet come to Manhattan. Hygienic fashions are often slow to start but quick to spread when once they get headway. A generation which has learned to believe in germs, which has acquired the habit of the daily bath, which has seen calories come in and corsets go out, is not one to gasp at such a little thing as synthetic air.

"Coddling" Prisoners

Danger in Uninformed Criticism of Penal Methods

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There is much spoken and written to-day of the "coddling" of criminals in prison. Much of such talk is by persons who have never seen the inside of a prison. Other persons act or write on little accurate knowledge, but with strong emotion.

Prisons are most complicated institutions to administer. In the same prison are all sorts of inmates, requiring a great variety of individual treatment. Health requires exercise. Abominable cells at Sing Sing, a century old, and not such as one would keep a valuable animal in, warrant reasonable efforts to supply activities for prisoners outside of those cells in early evening hours.

There is probably hardly a prison in the United States that does not permit its prisoners an occasional baseball game within the walls. Disciplinary troubles are fewer on that account and health is better. This is only one instance for the reasonable use of recreation.

Undoubtedly "coddling" of prisoners does exist in places. The public, on the other hand, would never tolerate a reversion to the brutal days of the past. The danger of the present day is that certain members of the public, inveighing against the "coddling" of criminals, may do an irreparable damage to the development of the penal system, which is fundamentally sound although open to just criticism in specific instances.

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM,
Chairman Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York.
New York, Jan. 26, 1922.

Torrens Title Cross-Currents

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The enemies of the Torrens system of land title registration never sleep. It has just been discovered that an amendment has been included in the proposed constitutional amendments recommended to the Legislature which appears on its face to be in favor of the Torrens system but which is really against its best interests.

This amendment is known as Section 25 and is similar to an amendment introduced before the last constitutional convention, which the Torrens Title League and other friends of the Torrens system opposed and which was finally defeated.

The apparent purpose of this amendment is to befog the issue and to draw attention away from the bill to put the county back of the assurance fund in the present law, which has been introduced by Assemblyman Palmer as No. 348 and which completes the original program to make the Torrens law workable.

JOHN J. HOPPER,
President and Treasurer, Torrens Title League of the State of New York.
New York, Jan. 26, 1922.

Weary of Buncombe

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial "Equality" was very much to the point. The public is weary of buncombe. A pertinent question is, How much longer is the buncombe going to come from the legislators at Albany regarding the solution of the housing question by so-called rent legislation?

The legislators of New York State for six years have made the rents of apartments rise. The building trade unions, material business combinations and financial institutions have their share of responsibilities in this situation.

If any man outside of an insane asylum can say that the housing solution is to be helped or solved by re-enacting legislation which has tied up and driven millions of dollars out of real estate channels, interested groups of tenants would like to know how the continuation of the burlesque is to put these millions into circulation again.

BERTRAM BALL.
Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1922.

The California Booster

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Some years ago a friend of mine from the East was motoring in California. He tried to telegraph his wife about as follows: "Am enjoying myself immensely. Roads not particularly good." The telegraph operator regarded him with a cold and fishy eye. "You mean to say," she said sternly, "that the roads are particularly good." As it was clear that the telegram would never get through in its original form, California then being in a paroxysm of boosting, my friend told her that she could have it her own way.

The California booster is a very remarkable person. The San Franciscans knock their own climate savagely—in San Francisco. As I thought myself it was a pretty good climate, summer fogs and all, I used to say so—to their great amazement.

California is a state which most Easterners like, and with reason. The only trouble is that it is infested with boosters. They talk too much.

X. Y. Z.
Albany, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1922.

An Authority

(From The Chicago Daily News)

H. G. Wells thinks the United States ought to take over the management of Europe. This is very flattering to the United States, inasmuch as the supermanager of the universe, Mr. Wells, has had opportunity to study the capacities of many submanagers.

The Tower

LONG BEACH: JANUARY
The home of the most high God
Is tiled with amazing blue.
Mortal has never trod
Stone of so brave a hue;
The living blue of the living
sea that the whitecaps
trample through.

The walls of the house are gray;
Tranquil and soft and kind.
Color of dusk are they
Or the sheen that His children
find
On the silver wings of the
screaming gull as he
wheels in the winter wind.

"History's kind of funny at that," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Preakness, N. J. "It's all about nations what overpopulate their territory and have wars so that they can get more territory to overpopulate and have wars."

While the City Hall houses its present tenants it's difficult to commiserate with those whose esthetic senses are offended by the present Federal Building.

Poker Requiem

Stand by his bier with bowed down head
And drop a tear of sorrow in it.
Josephus Dillworth never said:
"I'll stay. I'm shy for just a minute."

Humdrum though our life may be, we have still the thrill each morning of betting with ourself as to how many locals are going to pass our express, and if that doesn't agitate our nerves sufficiently we can always work up excitement wondering whether the Park Place escalator is going to break down before we get to the top.

The rush hour locals, by the way, are the trains that usually stop only at the stations.

SHADOWS

Shadows are lovely things,
Slender and tall,
Black on the pool and field;
Black on the wall.

Shadows are lovely things,
Crooked or straight.
Strange men should choose them for
Symbols of hate.

MABEL WILES SIMPSON.

People should smile more, Charles M. Schwab tells the universe, and then goes on to announce that he's spending $25,000,000 more on his steel plant. After frowning over it for several minutes we can't think of a single reason why, if we were in Mr. Schwab's place, our smiling average for the season should be less than 100.5 per cent.

In fashion heraldic this column ed. ramps
To frighten the customers sending in stamps.

The Returning

There's a little white house on the
breast of the hill;
There's a well with a sweep and a
barn;
There's a mow that it takes twenty
wagons to fill;
There is also a hearth where when
weather is chill,
The countryfolk gather to yarn.

There's a rutted dirt road; it's a path-
way that leads
To simplicity, quiet and peace.
It calls and it beckons the exile who
needs
The scent of its dust, and his weary
car heeds
Its voice and he longs for release.

And one of these days I am going again.
I shall break from the tethering cord.
I shall forget cities; their strife and
their pain.
I shall live with the hills. I shall drink
of the rain.
And be most unholily bored.

If His Honor doesn't stop talking about the advantages of busses, the first thing he knows Governor Miller is going to come out in favor of them.

Thus far we have received six interpretations of the Amy Lowell "White Currant" poem, recently reprinted in this, in the manner of speaking, funny column. The only trouble with most of them is that they seem to need decoding quite as much as the original.

We still are uncertain whether we're too lazy to understand this ultra-modern verse or whether the writers thereof are too lazy to make themselves understood.

After all, it may be our environment that keeps us from a proper appreciation of true lyric worth. When you've sat and glared six days a week for three weeks at a hat rack, a map of Central Europe, last year's calendar and a portrait of Bayard Taylor, you begin to feel that somewhere in the world there may be more effective incitements to beauty.

"YATES ONLY GOLFER UNDER EIGHTY," announces "The Newark News," and W. J. S., who calls this to our attention, also announces his impetuous purpose to begin to tutor in the sport on his seventy-ninth birthday.

Promises Leave Us Entirely Neutral

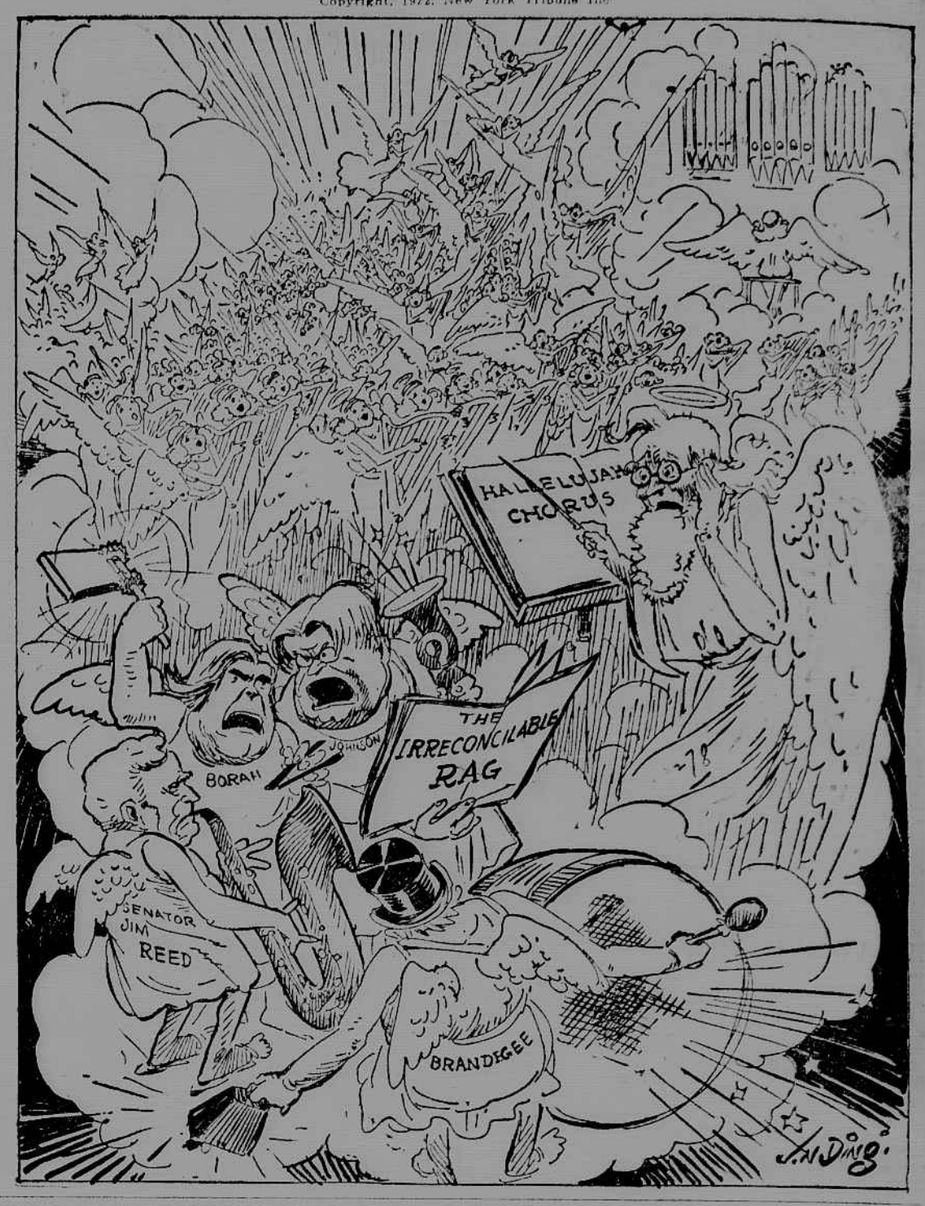
F. F. V.: You seem to be finding some alleviation of the hardships of The Tower. Having promoted a scrap between lady contribs, one of them is promising to feed you pie that she may win the decision. And you suggest that it be your favorite kind. Verily, all crust doth not abide in the Institute.

M. B. T.

Right out of a footnote in Mr. Botsford's history of Greece we've obtained what will probably be the most erudite ending of The Tower during our brief period of janitoring. Listen!

Nulla dies sine linea. F. F. V.

AND WHEN THE CELESTIAL CHOIR SINGS THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS THEY WILL PROBABLY INSIST ON SINGING RAGTIME



Books

By Percy Hammond

Musing, in "Why Lincoln Laughed," over the tender relationship between Artemus Ward and the President, Dr. Russell H. Conwell suggests that it existed because both men had endured serious suffering in their boyhood through the tragic death of their first loves. It is not generally known, Dr. Conwell says, that one of Ward's "earliest girl friends," Maude Myrick, was drowned near Norway, Me., and that, although he never mentioned her thereafter, save in his last hours, he wrote in an autograph album once that the saddest place in the world for him was "a bridge over the Norway brook." Dr. Conwell concludes that this infelicitous accident "would also account in a large degree for Ward's eccentric, inimitable humor." He observes that "all the great humorists from Charles Lamb to Josh Billings were broken-hearted in their youth."

Mr. Lardner, Mr. Cobb, Mr. Montague, Mr. Ade, Mr. Marquis, Mr. Benchley and other facetious men of the day may regret the absence of agonies from their past when they read Dr. Conwell's appreciation of Artemus Ward. "He often assumed the rôle of an idiot, but at the same time made the wisest observations and the cutest sarcasms. His appearance, even before he made his mechanical nod, was greeted by loud, hearty and prolonged laughter. The saddest forgot his sorrow, the most sedate gentleman began to shake and the crusty old maid broke out into the Ha! Ha! of a girl of sixteen. We may read Ward's writings and feel something of his absurd humor when we recall his posture as he stated solemnly that his "wife's feet were so large that her toes came around the corner two minutes before she came along."

Dr. Conwell's charming and naïve discourse on Lincoln and his jester is based on an interview the author had with the President in 1864. As a young captain in the Federal army he went to the White House to intercede for a comrade condemned to be shot, and there, after succeeding in his errand, listened to the President talk of Artemus Ward for hours. "He rests me," Lincoln said, "more than any living man." The book seems to explain that Lincoln laughed only that he might not weep and because Ward's "crude humor" was adjusted miraculously to the tragic times. Also it suggests gentler reflections concerning the Keith's vaudeville habit at which we used to sneer in Mr. Wilson's anguished times.

* * *

An admirer of John Drinkwater and "Abraham Lincoln" asked some time ago for an explanation of J. F. B.'s charge that the play "insulted our mighty dead." J. F. B. now writes that Mr. Drinkwater insulted General Grant when in the interview with Lee at Appomattox he pictured the Union commander taking "deep swigs of whisky from a black bottle, as if Grant was a brazen boozer, which he was not, and insinuating that whisky won the war."

Samuel Hopkins Adams perceives in Mr. Drinkwater's work a calumny even more searing than that which strikes at General Grant's martial habits. When J. F. B. referred to Mr. John "Drinkwater's taking liberties with American history," Mr. Adams writes, "perhaps he had in mind an extraordinary characterization of Secretary Seward as inferentially possessed of little learning or culture. Even a cursory examination of Seward's writings would have sufficed to exhibit Lincoln's Secretary of State as a man of wide reading and genuine scholarship. Yet Drinkwater in 'Abraham Lincoln' gives us this bit of dialogue:

Lincoln (after a pause)—"There is a tide in the affairs of men." . . . Do you read Shakespeare, Seward?

Seward—Shakespeare? No.

"Recently I spent some days in the old Seward mansion in Auburn, N. Y., visiting my friend, the present William Seward, grandson of the Secretary, and had the opportunity of examining Secretary Seward's extensive library. There are no less than three editions of Shakespeare in it—there may be more—one of which is liberally margined with notes in the Secretary's unmistakable handwriting. Yet Mr. Drinkwater, in a single line, points him as exhaustively ignorant upon the subject.

"Suppose, by way of paraphrase, an American playwright were to produce a play dealing with the life of Gladstone and include in it this historical touch:

Queen Victoria—Mr. Gladstone, are you familiar with Latin?

Gladstone—No, your majesty, I know nothing of the language.

"The mind shudders at the thought of what British criticism would do to him!"

* * *

There is a good Lincoln story in the February "Bookman," by Kendall Banning, about the President's memorable letter to Lydia Bixby, "the mother of the five sons who were killed in battle," and whose sacrifice was happily shown by later developments to be less than it was believed to be at the time. The letter, in which "Father Abraham reached forth his hand to comfort one of the lowliest of his children," and which is now in the J. Pierpont Morgan collection, is reproduced.

* * *

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I think "Duzen" (writing about George Jean Nathan) has slightly misquoted the extract from the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Isn't it

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

HELENE BENNETT.
75 Van Reipen Avenue, Jersey City, Jan. 25, 1922.

* * *

"Hergesheimer's 'Cytherea' will never be dramatized," said Martin Herman the other day, "because there is no actress living who could understand the character of Savina Grove." Mr. Herman added that he knew two or three, however, who would be able to impersonate the doll. From several "Cytherea" casts suggested vagrantly by newspaper and show men while at luncheon last Friday this is selected as one of the least impossible:

Lee Randon	Lionel Barrymore
Fanny Randon	Margaret Wycherley
Peyton Morris	Ralph Morgan
Mina Raff	Lillian Gish
Anette Sherwin	Alma Belwyn
Claire Morris	Kathlene MacDowell
Alice Lucian	Irene Fenwick
Dr. Davencott	Frank Burbeck
William Grove	Paul Everton
Daniel Randon	Harry C. Browne

* * *

"If Winter Comes" is to be motion-photographed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, with James Kirkwood in the rôle of Mark Sabre. The picture will be made in England.

Henry's Latest

(From The Syracuse Post-Standard)

Henry Ford has a new hobby. He wants the United States to print millions of greenbacks, "based upon the resources of the country," so we may all be rich, as they are in Russia.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

A Protected Industry

In dear old Paris, years ago,
When managers produced a show,
And carping scribes
Penned diatribes
Upon the leading actors,
The actors, as in duty bound,
Next morning sent their cards
around,
And asked the right
To meet and fight
Their cynical detractors.

To-day an actor cannot start
A duel to defend his art,
Although the raps
Of critic chaps
Arouse his savage dander.
He's not permitted to run through
The writer of a harsh review,
But may assuage
His righteous rage
By bringing suit for slander.

In consequence the critics' stuff
In Paris is becoming rough.
Full well they wot
They can't be shot
For getting mean or funny.
And, if the actor should resort
For satisfaction to a court,
It will not fright
The men who write—
They haven't any money!

A Good Opener

Evidently Kid Wedge thought his name would get him into Harvard.

Difference of Method

The Germans have been buying plots for consulates in this country. The time is past when they could make plots here.

Dull Dog

Little is to be said for the dog which growled at a movie villain unless he came in too late to get a look at the hero.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

The St. Lawrence Waterway

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial this morning on the "Lakes-to-Ocean Canal" approaches this subject fairly and frankly. No truer word has been said than "the West is entitled to the outlet which is economically most advantageous." Are you sure that the long, narrow lock canal across New York State is better than the St. Lawrence River canal for all concerned? Granted that, it is better for New York, if mere increase of business and congestion of business are better for New York. Perhaps such congestion, however, is not better for the business.

New York is inclined to demand what she personally wants and to get peevish if it is not granted. New York is ever looking out for New York's best interest, but not always for America's welfare. It is naturally galling to think that any city, American or Canadian, should rival New York as a seaport! It is naturally disconcerting to permit ocean bound freight to reach the ocean without permitting New York to take its toll for handling!

Perhaps nationalizing and developing of the Erie Canal is a good thing. But building the St. Lawrence waterway is a better thing for present purposes. And perhaps, after New York has become one of the best equipped as well as most capacious ports in the world and has solved its local housing, transportation, education and traffic problems, it will deserve an Erie ship canal, which may then be built.

W. P. E.
New York, Jan. 28, 1922.